

The Cultural Mission to Nueva Germania and DPRK in conjunction with the Plecid Foundation presents a free travel book which has been generously donated to the Wikimedia Foundation. Plecid wishes to heartily thank the Wikimedia Foundation for protecting our honor by erasing our past. Plecid can be contacted via YouTube.

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Preface:

What do a highway in Germany, the road to Nueva Germania, and Route 66 have in common? Nothing! But if you pay close attention to the following missive the meaning will become clear. "*We are all of us Brothers*" - David Foster Wallace from The Pale King.

Highway 38, Route XI, Route 66

Today, December 22, 2009, the Federal Republic of Germany has completed the construction of the Autobahn 38. The opening of the last missing section here at the Höllberg tunnel brings back memories of March of this year, when the Republic of Paraguay finished asphaltting the Ruta XI, which finally better connects the jungle village of Nueva Germania with the provincial capital and the rest of the surrounding area. In the days when there were no lanes, road users on both routes were at significantly higher risk of encountering revolver-wielding muggers on rainy days.

I had the honor of riding two of the initial night chapters of the »Südharzreise«, described on the previous pages, again in daylight under the auspices of the author Frank Fischer. This happened in November 2008 shortly after I had returned to Germany from a six-month stay in mystical Asia. Let's evoke some of my Autobahn 38 associations together.

Leipzig came into play because I wanted to visit the sites where Bach Thomaskantor and Wagner were born. When I arrive at the whitewashed home of my translator Jonas Obleser in the sober Max Planck district, Mr. Fischer shows me the crossover short film »Autobahn 38«, which was made a few days after the original trip.

A little later we find ourselves with milk coffee-to-go in hand in front of the moving St. Thomas Church, where Messiaen is played on Bach's well-preserved organ, and then we pass a huge Wagner poster. It is attached to the outer wall of a shopping mall, protruding into the airspace that once surrounded Wagner's birthplace. His youthful, arrogant face ripples in the wind and overlooks a larger Leipzig intersection halfway up towards the sky.

Then we rush down the A38 to Röcken and visit the graves of Friedrich Nietzsche, his sister Elisabeth and his mother Franziska in the small village. Not to forget Friedrich's father, Carl Ludwig, the longtime pastor of a Lutheran church, impressive in its modesty, at whose side the graves of the Nietzsches have been preserved.

The father's grave is found there in unity with that of Friedrich's younger brother Joseph, who died two years after his birth. Both tombstones are unkempt and partly obscured by weeds, dirt and one or two stray earthworms. Thanks to his self-marinating cerebral cortex, Nietzsche's father passed away when Nietzsche was of kindergarten age. It must have seemed like a nucleopatrophobic fact to both Wagner and Nietzsche that they had little remnant of their biological father.

*“And all who heard it took it to heart and said, What do you think will become of this little child? For the hand of the Lord was with him.» – Quoting Carl Ludwig Nietzsche from Luke 1:66, at the baptism of the nine-day-old Friedrich Nietzsche, October 24, 1844*

The sun goes down, we hurry five kilometers further to Lützen, a small town that has lost its residents and cars, but radiates with mowed lawns and contemplative peace. We park and walk to the spot where in

November 1632 the life of the messianic King of Sweden, Gustav II Adolf, was surrendered to the realm of heavenly grace by 20,000 Catholic soldiers, one of whom pierced the forgiving hands of the former ruler.

While we talk about pilgrimages to Elisabeth Nietzsche's Nueva Germania, which until recently led to the breakneck unpaved Ruta XI via Paraguay, we take the A38 back to Leipzig. The last few meters of the »South Harz Journey« take place again on the dashboard of the slate gray or evergreen (depending on the mood of the sun) off-road vehicle.

After reading the 38 chapters, the Autobahn is immediately reminiscent of the legendary Route 66, loved for a little longer for its wealth of landmarks that reflected seminal events: Jesse James hid here, the first McDonald's appeared here, and John Steinbeck affectionately gave the highway his eternal nickname, "The Mother Road," in his Great Depression novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*.

At a dusty intersection in Gallup, New Mexico, historic Route 66 sprouted into Route 666, a correctly named stretch of road as the sixth turnoff along the Mother Road. At this intersection, on a December day in 1996, I had lunch with John Aes-Nihil at a huge Furr's Cafeteria. We arrived from the local log cabin motel at 11:55am but the feeding place in Gallup didn't open until 12pm. Within those five minutes, a few other diners eagerly gathered in the carpeted waiting area between the two glass doors, apparently out of habit.

We loved the food, chicken, mashed potatoes drowned in gravy, corn, sautéed spinach, halved pears in a sweet sauce, buttered cornbread, coffee and house rhubarb pie, and yet I couldn't help but feel traumatized to be felt through the panting crowd.

Seven years later, in December 2003, the duration of a complete cell regeneration cycle, New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson received regulatory approval to change the name of Route 666 to Route 491. The name change was accomplished not only in New Mexico, but also in the

other two states that are accessed by the outlawed, grimacing road, Colorado and Utah.

In New Mexico, the road also crosses the Navajo Nation, a Native American protected area. Navajo cultural tradition finds nothing objectionable about the number 666, but their leaders worked with Governor Richardson because they believed that efforts to alleviate poverty in the Navajo territory, whether through tourism or foreign investment, were limited because the Christian interpretation of the number would be hampered.

Last June, a couple of tourism industrialists had the idea of renaming the A38 as well. Because there are Handel Festivals in Göttingen and Halle, and that's why from now on it will be called »Handel Autobahn«. Most beautiful tourism-industrial claim vocabulary, which will probably not become official, just as little as the many other mesmerizing name suggestions that the author of this book collected during his trip to the southern Harz Mountains.